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JUBAL, OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A PARABLE.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF NONNE.]

[The Parable is a form of instruction peculiarly adapted to illustrate to the mind of man such spiritual subjects as his understanding cannot reach. Thus we see that our Saviour chose the Parable to give to his disciples an idea of the kingdom of Heaven, and of the future life; subjects on which he could not address their understanding. The influence of the Arts, and more especially of the Art of Music, on the human soul, touching more directly the heart than the understanding, is also a thing which may derive much force of illustration from the Parable; and among the German poems in this style of writing, there are some beautiful ones on this subject. The best parable writers in that country are Krummacher and Nonne; and we insert below one by the latter, of whom we may translate more in future. Eds.]

JUBAL, the son of Lamech, wandered about in the land of Nod, beyond Eden, towards the east, and wept. For Adah, his mother, had told him of Eden, and Pison, and Hiddekel, and of the tree of life. He was a youth of deep and tender feeling; and he turned his face away, when his father Lamech entered the narrow tent with his bloody sword.

His mother saw him when he returned from the fields, and she went to meet him, and said: "Why do you weep, Jubal, my son, my beloved; and what makes you so sad in your heart?"

"Alas! my mother!" replied Jubal, "my soul thought of Eden and the hallowed tree. See! upon this soil is the curse; Cain's curse is on this soil!"

"Not so, my son," said the mother.

"O my mother," continued the youth, "I wander about and weep, for I find no trace of Eden. The fiery sword of the Cherub has withered the blossom of the tree of life. Nowhere a refreshing shade in the burning sun; nowhere a hill, where terebinths rustle, and playful fountains ripple. Alas! the country is desolate, and dry, and dreadful, as Cain's sin. Mother, I must leave my father's tents, that my heart be not consumed in constant longing. Give me your blessing: I will seek a foreign country, where Cain's curse is not on the soil."

Thus spake Jubal; and when the evening came, he went out into the desert. And, lo! a rustling, as of a soft wing, came around him; and in the clearness of heaven, a lofty divine messenger stood by his side. In his hand he held a harp.

"Jubal," he said, "take the harp and touch its golden strings."

Jubal obeyed, and when the golden strings sounded, there arose in the depths below a murmuring as of unintelligible sounds. The clods of sand rose, and towered up into mighty rocks. But on the rocks young lambs were pasturing in luxuriant verdure. Terebinths rustled, cedars waved; and through their shades rivulets were murmuring along the blossom-covered banks.

And the strings sounded softer and softer; and a silver stream was rolling in calm waves through the fragrant fields; and it seemed as though the fixed stars were wandering from their seat, and plunging in silent brightness into the waves.

A strange, new feeling came over the youth, as if life was parting from the beating breast.

"O leave me thy instrument, thou divine messenger," he cried, "I feel like one of the immortals."

"When the Cherub had driven the first sinners from Eden," this was the answer, "he broke down the tree of life. We, the Immortals, stood by and wept. And the voice of God commanded me, and said: 'Up and form a tuneful instrument from the shattered tree, and wherever, among the fallen children of dust, you find heavenly love, there present them your instrument, and the gift of song.' Thus spoke the Eternal; and to thee, thou son of Lamech, I give the harp: and when thou touchest it with hallowed hand,

then its sound will wonderfully move thee ; and wherever thou mayest be, thou wilt seem to stand under the tree of life."

From this time did Jubal no longer mourn the loss of Eden. In the hours of longing, he awoke the strains of his harp ; and immediately the terebinths rustled, and the cedars waved, and the rivulets murmured along the blossom-covered banks.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATA IN A MINOR.

Extract from the Journal of an Artist.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

On the night of the 1st of February, 1833, St. Stephen's Place, at Vienna, offered a sight the most imposing. The clearness of the sky, the gentle splendor of the moon, the calmness of the night, to which the vicinity of the gothic cathedral gave a religious character, all contributed to raise emotions in those who were witnesses of that magnificent spectacle. Silence had succeeded to the tumultuous agitation of a great capital. The noisy and motley crowd, which, during the day, encumbered the Place, had passed away without leaving a trace, and one would have been tempted to believe that this vast solitude had never been animated.

Two young men, arm in arm, found themselves alone, in front of the majestic church : both artists : Henry and Lewis had just been passing the evening together. They had known each other but a short time ; and yet they felt for each other that sweet sympathy which brings souls together, and unites by invisible ties. It was on this evening that they had had, for the first time, a serious and deep conversation upon music : they had confided to each other the end of their existence : they had spoken of the irresistible power of the art to which they were going to devote their lives : they had unveiled their most intimate thoughts : they had understood each other ; and certainly there existed not in the heart of either a corner which was not known to the other.

Such is the power of a moment ! In a moment we are born ; a moment inspires us with love ; a moment transports us into the presence of the Supreme Being, and reveals to us his glory ! A moment only had been necessary to give birth to a friendship, which already bore such happy fruits.

It was near midnight when the two friends left their dwelling without any fixed object. The picture of this beautiful winter evening plunged them in deep meditations, and, without perceiving it, they had gone as far as the Place of St. Stephen's.

Whatever was the interest of their conversation, however little disposed they might be to let themselves be distracted by external objects, in moments when they were entirely gathered within themselves, they could not resist the impression which was produced upon them by the sight of the edifice illuminated by the magic splendor of the moon; and, yielding themselves to the delights of contemplation, they with one accord became silent. Motionless by the side of each other, they scarcely breathed; and only expressed what was passing within them by an occasional pressure of the hand.

The bell of the temple sounded midnight. Henry broke silence.

This hour, said he, is sacred and solemn: it separates night from day: it is the great division of time. A part of men forget their joys and their griefs in the bosom of peaceful sleep: the other part watch in suffering and in tears. Some are finishing their labors; others are commencing them: and doubtless those are not acts without importance which are meditated and accomplished at this moment. You feel it like me, my friend; this hour will be for ever memorable to us, and you will share the desire which I experience of prolonging the period of our separation, and of spending the night together.

Lewis pressed his friend to his heart, and, delighted with the proposition which should prolong the sweet moments of ecstasy, they passed once more around the Place; and after having graven deeply in their souls the image of this magnificent church, they returned to the lodging of Henry. They then began again to converse upon the wonders of the art; upon the sacred character of this language of the soul; upon the happiness of those to whom Providence has given talent, and above all, a true sentiment, a real love for music. They had begun to speak of the means of becoming superior, when Lewis, throwing his eyes upon the accompaniment of a piece which was on the piano, conceived the desire of executing it with his friend.

It was Beethoven's Sonata in A minor. They had not made music together, but they had mutually heard and admired each other. Henry seized his violin; Lewis seated himself at the piano; and as they could not find the violin part, they both decided to play by heart this master-piece of the great composer.

The clock of the church of the Augustines struck one.

Henry's chamber was high and sonorous; remote from other habitations, and perfectly convenient for performing music; for there was no fear of being disturbed, nor of disturbing any one.

They extinguished the lamp, and Henry began the four first measures in double chords. The manner in which Lewis struck those chords so full which follow, made his friend anticipate the manner of executing this grand music; and when they broke in upon the *presto* in 4-4, and put all their force and vigor into the *crescendo*, which goes from the eighteenth to the twenty-fourth measure, and introduces the *piano* melody, they felt that they had comprehended the thought of the composer, and that they should render his inspirations faithfully. Then they let themselves go on as they were moved, still increasing, always more impassioned. They alternated these rich chords up to the point where the gigantic *fortissimo* gives place to the delightful melody in the middle.

At this place, where the bold master abandons for an instant the expression of grief which prevails in the first part of the piece, the broad and powerful tones of the violin united themselves with the beautiful chords of the piano. Meantime, the genius of the great man affords only an instant of relief, and the principal theme reappears in the *tempo primo*, mingles itself with a new strain quite as ravishing, and by an impassioned movement, leads on, in the second part, wonderful beauties of musical transition. There is here a magic of composition which is not the result of calculation; but which, deeply felt, offers formidable difficulties to the performers.

The two friends were so well initiated in the spirit of the work, that they surmounted the difficulties pretty easily, and perceived the rashness of their enterprise only where the piece runs into D flat major.

They continued gaily imitating each other, so to say: they returned, after the hold, to the principal theme, which takes here a new form, makes alternations with the chords, passes through the *fortissimo*, and returns to the plaintive melody of the song in the middle. Throughout new beauties are met with; throughout, new prodigies invented by the sublime composer; throughout, the impetuous and profound genius of Beethoven.

The friends played still: the sounds of their instruments became more and more brilliant: nevertheless, they descended all at once to the softest *pianissimo*, in order to redouble their force

afterwards with the return of the theme, as far as the interrogatory rest which terminates the first part.

The two friends remained silent. Henry tuned his violin softly and the piano-forte began the *cantabile*. The mouth becomes dumb when sentiment speaks; and what tongue would be capable of uttering that which these harmonious sounds express? What poet would seek to paint similar delights by words? Never was better understood, than in hearing this *cantabile*, the truth of John Paul's words, who says, in a fragment entitled, *Immergrun unserer gefuhle*:—

“How necessary it would be to unite souls, bodies, and hours of existence, to enable us to taste for a single moment that interior felicity which music gives thee in a minute; as if invisible hands were shedding it upon thee! Has it happened to thee to shed tender and hallowed tears; however noble may have been thy grief, music speaks to thee the language of thy heart, and returns to thee those tears, so hallowed and so tender.”

Yes, he who has wept thus, sheds tears more delicious still, on hearing this remarkable *cantabile*. The delicacy of the tones of the violin presents the most beautiful contrast with the strength of the chords on the piano; and the ninth measure before the end of the theme, where the violin sings in a manner so heart-rending, tears from the vanquished soul a new tear, which is shed with joy, and which one would wish still to shed. The first variation, which the piano-forte executes, is softened by a gay and tripping accompaniment. The second, which is played by the violin, is certainly one of the most difficult that has ever been written for this instrument; and he who executes, as well as he who hears this music, breathes at his ease, and no longer feels the weight which oppressed him.

If we admire the noble style of the minor which follows this variation, we experience a sweet joy at the fifth modulation: we then return by degrees to the theme, and lose ourselves at length in the last pianissimo.

The two friends arose, and falling into each other's arms, cried, ‘Friendship for ever, true, devoted, deep!’ From this moment the cold and ceremonious *Sir* was banished from their discourse. Ought it not to be thus? They had unveiled to each other their most intimate thoughts: they knew each other so well! each had read his own soul and that of his friend: they felt the same; they expressed the

same ; they no longer made but one ; and music was the bond which united them, which linked them to each other. Delightful moments ; moments which could not be forgotten ; moments hallowed by the sentiment which filled them ; increased by the happiness which they gave rise to, rendered solemn by the union of which they were witnesses.

Beethoven ! it is to thy genius that we owe this hour : it is to thy creation, emanating from God, and all-powerful like him.

Thus thought and spake the two friends, and strengthened by this outpouring, they began the last part.

[To be concluded in next No.]

THE ADAGIO.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

Any piece of music, that lays claim to the merit or even the name of a work of art must present to the external organs of perception an internal state or feeling ; and so too each separate part of it, which forms an independent whole by itself, must express a particular internal state, particular emotions excited in the interior of man. Music depicts chiefly emotions of the soul, feelings. The human soul is so constituted, that feelings of a sweet, tender or sad kind love to dwell on their subject. Every thing that stands in any connection with them, even the opposite feelings, they like to bring into relation ; and therefore the modification of the feeling in these cases proceeds but slowly and hesitatingly, and the transition through its associations advances with caution. The Adagio, therefore, in regard to time, is the very form in which to express these feelings ; it being a slow movement, even slower than 'lento.'

The nature of the feelings thus described, as expressed by the Adagio, demands, as well for the composer as for the performer, certain rules, by which both must be guided, or they will miss their object, viz. the impression which they intend. The Adagio serves for the expression of tender and sad feelings, their emotions being of a slower tendency : they go, therefore, much more cautiously, and with much more measured rhythm, through the whole circle of their associations ; and for this reason there must

be no flourish, no elaborate embellishments, in the Adagio ; it must be kept as simple as possible ; but every tone must have its full weight ; for each represents a new step in the emotion of the feelings.

All the feelings, the language of which is slow and considerate, are also touching. The composer of an Adagio has therefore to work more for the heart than for the imagination. Elaborate and artful figures will not therefore suit ; for the more the heart is touched, the less active is wit. The harmonization requires the greatest care ; for the different degrees of the emotions intended to be represented, are expressed by it ; and it is therefore necessary that the succession of the harmony should always progress, if possible, in an equally graduated affinity, without any digression or inversion. The relations, also of these emotions are, as we have observed before, sometimes directed to their contrast ; but never immediately or suddenly, and therefore all showy cadenzas and such as are unexpected or not sufficiently prepared, as well as too bold modulations, must be carefully avoided in the Adagio. This contrast meets its most faithful and most touching representation rather in enharmonic changes of the key ; but these also must not occur too often.

Above all it is advisable not to make this movement too long ; for having always and throughout an impassioned expression, it will soon tire the listener. Some composers like to protract it, and draw a happy thought out to such a length, that at last nothing is left. This is decidedly wrong. The same thought ought only to be repeated, after every thing that is connected with it has been expressed ; and then it is time to conclude the Adagio. One moment of ennui spoils the effect of the whole piece.

Not less difficult than the composition of an Adagio is its execution : partly because, from the slowness of the time, the smallest fault, and the least tone, that is not correspondent with the feeling that is represented by it, will be easily detected ; and partly because it very easily assumes, from the want of variety in the means of representation, a certain very tiresome and disagreeable dullness, if the whole is not enlivened by an execution full of power and expression. But this life must not consist of embellishments, mannerisms, &c., which are for the same reasons to be avoided in the execution as in the composition : but it must be effected by a correct and well studied accentuation. Embellishments and varia-

tions in the melody are altogether inadmissible: but the nicest shades of softness and force of tone (*piano* and *forte*), and the tones well connected and bound together withal, corresponding to the close connexion and transition of the different feelings to be expressed,—these are the means that must be applied. But we are sure, that all the rules we can give, and the most careful instruction, will not enable any body to play an *Adagio* well, unless he be capable of entering into the spirit and soul of the composer, and particularly of putting himself into a state of sweet and tender susceptibility; thus making the feeling, which the music is to express, his own. The *Adagio* may therefore well be called the touchstone of the taste, the imagination, and the musical education, of a virtuoso: but, alas! how few will stand the test. It requires a great deal of experience, a well cultivated mind, and a heart susceptible of delicate feelings. Any other kind of composition may, without these qualities, be executed to admiration; but an *Adagio* will fail where they are wanting.

We will conclude this article with a remark of Baumbach in his *Manual of the Fine Arts*. He says: "That a good execution of an *Adagio* requires many talents and qualities, is very evident from the scarcity of virtuosos that excel in it. The task of the virtuoso is, by simple tones, to represent the intention, the feeling, of the composer; but in order to give effect to simple tones, their cultivation requires a long and assiduous study, and their qualities must be, firmness, the linking of the sounds (*portamento di voce*), flexibility, and equality.

Master Compositions of this style of music are, the *Adagios* in Mozart's Symphonies, in Lafont's Violin Concerts, and in some of Mozart's Operas, &c.

Master performers of them are mostly found among the virtuosos on stringed instruments; which, from their power of expression, and nice gradation in the shades of *piano* and *forte*, are best formed for the execution of an *Adagio*. We mention, among the Violin Virtuosos, Viotti and A. Romberg, in their time; and at present, L. Spohr, A. Lafont, and Ole Bull; among the Violoncellists, B. Romberg. As to other instruments, we would mention Chopin on the Pianoforte, and Baermann on the Clarinet.

A WINTER IN PARIS, 1837-8.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE NEW MUSICAL GAZETTE, LEIPSIC.]

Every year, towards the end of the season, Paris is flooded with a deluge of concerts and musical "soirées," that generally produce much trash, from which but few precious pearls can be sifted.

In these "soirées," the greatest mischief is done to music. First of all, the visiter is all but suffocated by the heat. The Parisians vie with each other, as to who shall invite the greatest number of guests, and thereby make half of them stay without doors. If their saloon holds fifty people, three hundred are sure to be invited. A hundred of them may by good luck be otherwise engaged; but another hundred and fifty must, as just mentioned, take up their quarters before the door. But we are not only suffocated by heat, we are also crammed with ice-creams and French Romances to impletion. The "bon ton" requires the Romances to be sung in a hoarse, trembling, half-stifled voice, (the "voix étouffée," which Meyerbeer prescribes so often in his scores). We are happy indeed, if, after being let off with a round of six Romances, a star of the first magnitude, Thalberg or Ernst, bursts through the mist, that had set upon our minds, to rejoice our longing hearts with the nectar of true art, and a characteristic composition.

At a musical soirée, where counts and dukes, partisans of Charles X., were present, I observed a trait which although not musical, may not be uninteresting to our readers. There was in one of the suit of rooms that were crowded with guests, a painting of a battle, where Charles X. and Louis Philippe were represented fighting at the head of the French army. A Carlist wit threw a preserved lemon into the face of Louis Philippe making it altogether invisible: and I only wish you could have seen the ladies and gentlemen, passing and repassing the painting, exhausting themselves in witticisms and ridicule. I was astonished at the delicacy of this wit.

In another party, Serda sung a ballad by Meyerbeer, called "The Monk." The composer was present, listening very attentively, and began, after the conclusion, vehemently to applaud, to the great surprise of the party, who did not know whether it was meant for the performer or composer.

Eminent performers on the piano, proved themselves such in the Concerts; Thalberg, Osborne, Kathinka Dietz, Herz, Rosen-

hain, Halle, &c. Among the violin players, and withal among the virtuosos, Ernst is by far the most prominent. He is one of the few that throw poetry into their playing, forgetting their audience, and drawing from the rich sources of an internal life of feelings. His performances come from the heart, and they reach that of the audience. Among other instrumental performers, Batta, violoncello player, and Liverand, clarinetist, are the lions of the day. Among the Romance singers, Richelieu, Huener, Boulanger, Nigri, &c. The female pupils of the Conservatory exhaust themselves without any success in Italian shakes and roulades; and we feel greatly relieved and rejoiced, when a beautiful clear voice, like that of Madame Seamen, emerges from the mass, singing a song by Schubert or Beethoven. A young tenor, Schiantzky, who has sung at different places, has a very melodious organ, a good school, a German mind, and justifies high expectations of him. Probably the Royal Opera will soon get hold of and monopolize him.

Augustus Mueller, from the Chapel of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, played the Double Bass several times in public and at the soirées. In spite of all the difficulties which the unwieldy instrument offers, he brings out all the passages with great neatness, and all the melodies with sweetness and expression. His bowing is very diversified: he uses the staccato successfully, and excels in double and harmonic tones. His whole manner is free and without restraint. His compositions also, particularly the Adagios, evince decided talent. I have not yet heard any of them, without feeling an indescribable longing and sadness. They are sighs from this transient world for eternity; swelling from a breast, that looks in faithful hope for a better futurity, a better world.

Whatever I have as yet heard of church music, shows that its meaning is not understood. The following experience, which I had in a little country town, in the neighborhood of Paris, may show in what point of view it is regarded generally in France. I was invited to play the organ there, on some holyday. I began a free fantasia, in which I introduced from memory a theme by Beethoven and a fugue by Handel, when the clergyman whispered into my ears, (for the organ stood near him,) "*Mon cher ami, vous ennuyez notre monde; jouez donc quelque chose de plus gai.*"*

* My dear friend, you tire our people; play something more lively.

I did not wait for him to repeat this reproach a second time, but played, during the "elevation of the host," the drinking song of Kaspar in "*Der Freyschutz*," which by chance came first into my mind. After that a friend of mine drew his flute from his coat pocket and played some variations by Tulou, which I accompanied on the organ. O how well pleased was the congregation! The clergyman came up to me: "*A la bonne heure, voila la musique religieuse, amusante et gaie en même temps.*" * "*Blockhead, that you are!*" I answered him; but happily he did not understand it, and was satisfied with the translation, "*Je suis tout-à-fait de votre avis.*" †

The theatres are constantly running aground. The vast quantity of new operas, and the utter scarcity of any thing beyond the common among them, show the miserable state of the theatre. The Comic Opera gives continually, at short intervals, new operas, which, in themselves insignificant, and carelessly rehearsed, maintain themselves but a short time, and then make room for others. To be admitted as composer for the Comic Opera, requires only to have composed five hundred Romances, and *one* good one among the lot. The Italian Theatre sustains itself only by the excellence of its singers. The new operas which it has produced, "*Lucia di Lammermoor*" and "*Parisina*," are hasty carnival compositions, which are neither remarkable for dramatic truth nor for originality. "*I Puritani*" is the best Opera on the present repertory, for "*Don Juan*" by Mozart cannot be counted, as it is not in the least understood, and is transformed into a "*boeuf-gras*" ornamented with ribands and flowers. The Grand Opera has for a long while promised a new opera, and has at last produced "*Guido and Ginevra*," an opera by Halevy. A French Journal observes very truly, that with the exception of one or two Romances most splendidly sung by Duprez, and a chorus of robbers, "*vive la peste*," the whole is distinguished by academical dryness. Another criticism, which defends and praises Halevy's composition, excuses its weak points very good naturedly, by alleging the impossibility of every thing being good in an opera of five acts! These are new principles in *Æsthetics*! Moritz Schlesinger, who has bought the copyright of it, is said to be in a rage with Mainzer,

* Well done! that is music, religious, pleasing and lively, at the same time.

† I am entirely of your opinion.

who, in an extra of the National, has given Halevy and his monster opera a great shock in public opinion. It is the greater pity that Halevy's composition is insignificant and void of any thing which we acknowledge to be beautiful, since these gentlemen stand in the way of all young talent, with the cry, "On ne passe pas ici." *

The difficulty of getting tickets for the first representation of a new piece at the Grand Opera in a direct way, that is to say, at the box-office, is continually increasing; the administration keeping almost all of them for themselves, in order to hire "claqueurs."† Some of the journals will then come out the next day announcing the "succès complet" of the piece. But after one or two representations, the administration want to reap the fruits of their sacrifices. The ticket offices are thrown open to the public, the card-house tumbles down, and the voice of true connoisseurs is heard. The new piece survives half a dozen forced representations, and then disappears from the theatrical horizon. Musard makes with his orchestra a pilgrimage to the tomb of its remains, plucking therefrom a flower, which he weaves into his wreath of Quadrilles. The flower fades quickly, and nothing more is heard about the great opera.

Mainzer has opened, in the "Athénée des familles," a course of sacred music, which is doing well. Part of Haydn's Creation, the "Hymn of the Night" by Neukomm, "Ave verum" by Mozart, and the "Pilgrims at the tomb of our Lord" by Naumann, have already been produced.

Mainzer's course for "ouvriers," ‡ which has been in operation for some time, is reaping the best fruits. It is affecting to see old men and children, artisans and mechanics, warmed by the fire of art, uniting their strength to accomplish a performance which fills our heart with elevated feelings, and which reconciles us to the world, that is day after day burying our fondest hopes, and filling our hearts with a shivering shudder at the thought of the trivial and low pursuits of the greater number of men. It is hoped that the French government has by this time sufficiently recognised the purely musical tendency of this association, to prevent for the future any difficulties being thrown in its way. Mainzer's birth day fell a few days ago. Some sixty "ouvriers"

* You cannot pass here.

† Hired applauders.

‡ Operatives.

serenaded him in the ample yard of the hotel in which he lives, surrounded on all sides by high walls. Some of the choruses, which they had sung in his course, were executed: "Chant de départ, Chant de guerre, Chant du Matelot, En mer, Hymne à la France," &c.*

You would look in vain in all great Paris for a musical effect like that which these choruses produced. The greater part of the inmates of the house, amounting to about two hundred individuals, were at the windows; and their motions and gestures showed, that they all were in the highest degree animated by the effect of the music. A new lodger remarked with great simplicity to the portress, "Comme je suis heureux d'être tombe dans cette maison, il y aura concert probablement tous les soirs."†

Amidst the Babylonian confusion of musical language that has seized the Parisians, amidst the mass of dishonest struggling, amidst the mire of vulgarity, amidst the ridiculousness of mean passions, there is certainly some good left; and amidst all the vain ambition of insignificant Romance composers, of faithless music teachers, of noisy opera composers, and of dancing quadrille manufacturers, some noble efforts have borne golden fruits. May the morning dawn of the present be to us the harbinger of a beautiful, bright future!

C. N. MANGOLD.

QUARTETT CONCERTS.

Since the four brothers Mueller, in their travels on the Continent, introduced Quartett music to the public, enchanting the whole musical world with their matchless performances, this kind of musical entertainment has become very fashionable with the musical public in continental Europe; and we find during last winter, in almost all the large cities of Germany, series of Quartett Concerts announced and well sustained.

The Quartett is indeed the most perfect instrumental music that can be imagined, combining complete harmony with the greatest power and variety of expression, and that with apparently simple means. Since the time that Haydn laid the foundations of the the modern Quartett, the greatest composers have thrown their

* Farewell Song, War Song, Sailor Song, At Sea, Hymn to France.

† How lucky I am to have stumbled upon this house, there is probably a concert every evening.

genius into this kind of composition; among whom we need only refer to the following names:—Mozart, Beethoven, A. Romberg, B. Romberg, Fesca, Spohr, Ries, Onslow, H. Mendelssohn, and Schubert.

But it requires a mind well cultivated to music, both in the audience and in the players, to enjoy it fully. The players in particular must be individually masters of their instruments: they must have practised well together: there must be great unity, harmony and self denial in their performance; sacrificing every individual desire to excel, to the interest of the whole, in order to bring out the composition in its full effect.

But, when so brought out, this kind of music cannot fail to delight every musical mind; and, if encouraged, must contribute to the cultivation of a refined and noble musical taste.

IMPROVEMENT IN STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.

Mons. Mazas, a French violinist of high reputation, has invented "a very simple and very ingenious piece of mechanism, which has for its object to give to stringed instruments more vigor and fulness. The inventor has contrived to pass underneath the bridge a certain quantity of little metallic cords, combined with the naked strings, in such manner as to form the perfect chord for each note of the scale: the result proposed has been fully realized." The writer says, "I recollect to have heard a *tenor viol* thus arranged, whose fulness of resonance immediately recalled the ancient *viole d'amour*. In speaking of this latter instrument, it ought to be noticed that Mons. Mazas was probably struck with the idea, from the analogy that exists between the processes in the two instruments: but this takes away nothing from the merit of his discovery; which differs essentially from the other, in being equally applicable to all stringed instruments, *violins, tenors, violoncellos, and double-bases*; and by means of a small apparatus, one can, at will, put the metallic cords in communication with the instrument, or nullify their effect altogether.

THE CONCERTS.

We can give but a cursory notice of the concerts since our last, having been prevented from being present at any of them.

Saturday, the 19th. Mr. White, of Ireland, gave a lecture on Music,

and a Concert of Irish Melodies; which, we understand, was a failure, though not from his want of ability to execute what he promised, but from great embarrassment. Another Concert is announced, when we hope this will be remedied.

Sunday, the 20th. The Musical Institute repeated Joseph, with the addition of the Morning by F. Ries.

The Gregorian Society gave a public rehearsal for a Concert, in imitation of the precedent of the Handel and Haydn Society. We have already expressed our opinion of public rehearsals. The public does not want to hear drilling, which is nevertheless the object of a rehearsal. Therefore, either the public is disappointed, or the rehearsal misses its object. We are aware that there are precedents for this course in Europe, but they are very different. There, after a thorough private study of the Music, in its vocal parts as well as with the Orchestra, a last general rehearsal is given, for the purpose of seeing whether all is right, or where a little more light and shade must be brought into the unity of the performance as a whole; and for this *extra* rehearsal, tickets are sometimes sold, at a less price, for the benefit of those that cannot afford to pay the full price: but the understanding is, that it is a rehearsal, and an interrupted and broken performance; while, in the Concert itself, no performance is suffered, that does not give a representation whole and complete in itself.

Sunday, the 27th. "Joseph and his Brethren" was repeated by the Musical Institute, with the addition of a selection of miscellaneous pieces. We feel bound in duty to say, that the utter want of voice or correctness in the arduous part of Simeon, was, we are told, in a great part to be ascribed to the performer having just recovered from a severe attack of influenza: but we would warn him, that this is the most direct way of making him for ever incapable of singing correctly and in good voice; and we would most earnestly advise him, to let himself be persuaded by no consideration of good will or kindness, to sing, especially in public, when his voice is not in perfect health and full strength. We repeat, this would be the surest way of losing the voice altogether; nay, more than that, it might injure the health; and, when persevered in, it has been known to bring on consumption and cause death.

Monday, the 28th. We cannot refrain from noticing the Concert given this evening by the "Boston Amateur and Social Glee Clubs" united; although it was a private performance, and no tickets were sold. We hail it as a cheering object in the musical horizon, and regard it both as advancing in the public a taste for music, especially instrumental, and as encouraging the zeal among our amateurs to devote themselves to it. We shall not go into particulars, but merely mention that a decided improvement was visible in the instrumental performances; owing in part we apprehend, to the zeal of the new leader, united with the general good will of the members. The Glee Club has long been known for its correct and tasteful execution.